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ELIZAES LOSSE,

AND

King Iames his vvel-come.

LONDON
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Elizaes losse, and King Iames *his welcome.*

u ſacred ſpirits that haunt *Pernaſſus* ſpring,
hoſe ſoaring thoughts mounted on *Pegaſ* wing
erce the skies, raiſing from lowely duſt
whom you liſt, and whom you liſt downe thruſt.
whom the Muſes all do ioyntly greete,
nd drinke *Nectar*, and *Ambroſia* ſweete.
eakeling Muſe did many wiſhes make,
ſome of you her taske would vndertake;
nce in vaine: ſhe takes in hand the ſame,
ings ſad Anthems to *Elizaes* name.
is *Eliza's* name ſo ſoone forgot?
not be: how then? ſhe heares them not,
one is found to ſing her dying praiſe,
all admir'd and honor'd in her daies.

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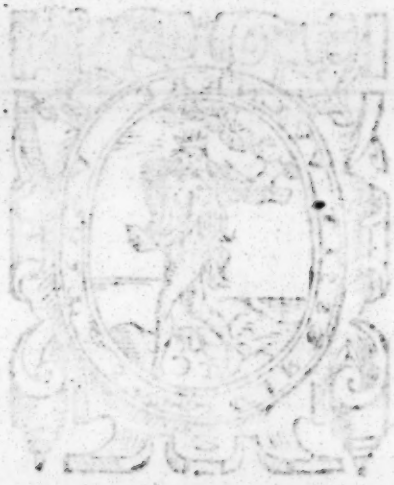

Elizaes losse, and King Iames *his welcome.*

u sacred spirits that haunt *Pernassus* spring,
hose soaring thoughts mounted on *Pegas'* wing
erce the skies, raising from lowely dust
whom you list, and whom you list downe thrust.
whom the Muses all do ioyntly greete,
nd drinke *Nectar*, and *Ambrosia* sweete.
eakeling Muse did many wishes make,
some of you her taske would vndertake;
nce in vaine: she takes in hand the same,
ings sad Anthems to *Elizaes* name.
is *Elizaes* name so soone forgot?
not be: how then? she heares them not,
one is found to sing her dying praise,
all admir'd and honor'd in her daies.

But whilst shee liu'd, O God! yet still ye liues
In heauen: I, and on earth. Her vertue giues
Her this: shee liues in her late subiects hearts,
Shee liues in her successors vertuous parts.
Shee liues in him (euen in despight of Fate)
To whome she left her vertues, crowne, & state.
My Muse dares vndertake for to disclose
Nothing, but what the meanest reader knowes.
What subiect liued in her happie daies
That felt no warmth from her resplendant raies?
And feeling them, who would not seek to know
The spring from whence these happie blessings flow?
Her birth and vertuous life are so well knowne,
Each one can tell as much as can be showne:
Yet cannot this my zealous dutie stay,
Though I shew nothing but what each can say,
Greenwich, VVestminster, Richmond, famous bee,
For shee was borne, crown'd, died in these three.

Henry

y the eigth (ſprung from th'vnited Roſe,
h match for Englands good God did compoſe)
by his ſecond choiſe this budde diuine,
ſe luſtre through the world ſo cleare did ſhine;
beth whom God Almightie gaue
eſſe of peace, and honor to the graue.
l not ſpeake of her exterior parts,
of her minde, adorn'd with liberall Arts:
e that would deſcribe them with his quill,
need of *Homer's* or a greater skill.
England only, but the world doth know
earned wiſedome: then what need I ſhow
's ſo well knowne? how each Embaſſador
anſwere could without Interpretor?
ke, Latin, French, Spaniſh, Italian,
nderſtood: and ſpake them euery one,
her knowledge in diuinitie?
ractiſe ſhow'd it moſt apparantly.

Why

Why tell I this? but to lament her death,
Vnder whoſe happie raigne I firſt drew breath.
This roſe is cropt, alaſſe, a heauie caſe:
But that t'is planted in a better place.
But of her life ſince that ſhee liu'd ſo well,
Be bolde my Muſe a litle for to tell:
So well ſhe liu'd, the learnedſt man of all
It to deſcribe would finde his wit too ſmall,
My ſimpler wit, doing the beſt it can,
Scarce ſhewes a droppe of that huge Ocean
Of her praiſe-worthy vertues, my good will
May (as I hope) excuſe my ſlender skill.
Firſt, for her infancie and childiſh yeares
I ouerſlip; though euen in them appeares
Matter well worthy of a brazen pen,
And leaues of hardeſt Marble: but yet when
Her riper yeares with iudgement we do deeme,
The former then we not ſo much eſteeme.

Theſe

ese vertues then come to perfection,
e which before seem'd in election.
slender reede doth purpose to set downe
ly such vertues as adorn'd her crowne.
d first as chiefe of all shall be expresst,
w Gods religion which her selfe profest
e did establish: banish Poperie,
th superstition and Idolatrie.
hartie zeale sought both by deed and word,
build the ruind Temple of the Lord:
ud Antichrist, and hautie *Spaine* did striue
cut her off, whom God preseru'd aliue,
ely preseru'd with his outstretched arme
m murder, poyson, and all other harme
ich Popish bulles, or Spanish gold procur'd,
de zeale prouok'd, or wicked Mammõ lur'd:
y that indeed at which *Spaine* most repines,
stor'd her treasury with Indian Mines:

The which her bountie mongst her subiects partes,
And laide vp surer treasure in their hartes.
Neuer was Prince of subiects better loued,
Neuer in Prince like care for subiects proued.
From poore mans suite she neuer turn'd her face,
Her meanest subiects right she still would grace.
Blest be that God who lent vs such a Queene,
Whose like before no mortall eye had seene.
The fiue and fortith yeare of her blest raigne,
When she had liu'd neare threescore yeares & ten,
She paide the God of nature her last debt,
And di'de in peace, without impeach or let
Of home-bred traytors, or else forraigne foes,
God gaue this comfort to appease our woes.
Who though she liu'd and died a perfect maide,
Left such an heire of whom it may be saide,
We lost the Iewell which we loued best,
Had it restor'd againe with interest.

Richmond

chmond it was firſt brought in *Tudors* name,
chmond it was aboliſhed the ſame.
nry of *Richmond* brought to vs that peace
hich all true Engliſh harts pray neer may ceaſe.
ow pray with me all that loue Englands good,
od would for euer ſtabliſh in his blood
his kingdomes rule, and theſe to it belong,
od ſtill defend them from all manner wrong.
y hopefull ſpirit ſaies it ſo ſhall bee,
ce Peeres and people do ſo well agree.
r now the Councell & the Peeres are bent
new King to proclaime with full conſent:
th Peeres and people make the ſtreets to ring,
od ſaue King *Iames* the firſt, our royall King.
ch faithfull ſubiect now himſelfe doth ſtraine
he beſt he may, his King to entertaine.
ow many a ioyfull *Aue's* ſent before:
y (*Hayle*) comes limping lateſt of a ſcore.

My teares (alas) doe so be-blinde my sight,
I wipe mine eyes whil'st they outstrip me quite;
Yet doubt I not but that his royall minde
Holdes me excus'd, although I come behinde.
How can that heart loyall to him appeare,
That for *Eliza* cannot shed a teare.
He knowes her losse what subiect doth not mone,
Would do the like by him, if he were gone.
And those that wash her tombe with their salt teares,
Do wish him many, many happie yeares.
Now my blacke plume's to red and yealow turnd,
And now I ioy as fast as erst I mourn'd.
My sorrowes all lye buried in her tombe,
Heart leape for ioy, for now King *Iames* doth come.
Come Englands hope, come hither merrily,
Bring with thee many yeares of Iubily.
The Locusts that did wish *Eliza* dead,
At thy names sound suddenly vanished.

f thy name had power to daunt them ſo,
loſt royall King) what would thy preſence do?
y lineall right banisht diſſention,
y Princely vertues wrought this vnion.
r heartie praiers ſent before to meete thee,
sh thy good ſpeed: our eies do long to greete thee.
oſe whom *Eliza's* loſſe wounded to death,
y glorious name hath giuen a ſecond breath.
e Merchant trafficques ſtill without diſturbe,
artificers or trades men, feare no curbe
malecontent, Papiſt, or Libertine,
tt vnto God (great King) the praiſe be thine.
earth is till'd in peace, the ground is dreſt,
h vnder his owne vine in peace may reſt,
y Princely wiſedome, or thy rightfull claime,
infant Muſe dares ſcarce preſume to name:
is, hath a riper penne alreadie donne,
d made apparant as the midday Sunne:

For that, the ſpacious world full wel doth know
Thy ſelfe (heroick Monarch) beſt can ſhow.
The Princely Poet, and the Poets Prince,
That name thou art acquainted with long ſince.
*T*hy many vertues alſo are proclaimed,
*T*hy iuſtice and thy fortitude are named.
As peerleſſe mongſt the reſt, happie our land
When fortitude and iuſtice take in hand
*T*o guide the helme: nay thou maiſt challenge all:
Foure kingdomes, and foure vertues cardinall.
*T*hy kingly vertues, thou a king canſt tell,
No other can declare them halfe ſo well.
When *Dauid* teacheth *Salomon* his ſonne,
Feare God (my childe) and liue as I haue donne.
O happie is that land when kings ſo teach,
Where vertue by example they do preach.
My Muſe weeps teares of ioy, in hope to proue
Dauid doth raign the man whom God doth loue.

ing *Iames* doth raigne whom God doth loue ſo much,
od loues them ſtil whoſe loue to him is ſuch.
ow *Saturnes* golden times wil come againe,
nd now no vice our common-weale ſhall ſtaine.
or as the King to good or bad doth frame
is life, the people imitate the ſame.
hy England now doth like a longing wife
xpect thy comming; then ſhe hopes no ſtriſe
hould dare diſturbe her quiet: all with one accord
iſh to behold their King, their drad liege Lord.
nd I amongſt the reſt of meaneſt place,
hrow vp my hat, and ſay God ſaue your Grace.

FINIS.